

What Lies Beyond

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Summary: ONE SHOT: The brothers both fought the good fight, but in the end death was inevitable. What lies beyond for the Winchesters? WARNING: Death fic. I was inspired after Jensen and Jared talked about how they'd like to see the show end in a recent interview.

What Lies Beyond

****Recently, Jared and Jensen did an interview where they shared their ideas on how the show could end. After said interview, several fans were writing about their own ideas on how it should or could end. Now I know that no fan really wants the show to end, but at some point, that's always inevitable. This is my own thought on how it could end. I wrote this in roughly one day, so I do apologize if I missed any typos.****

****DISCLAIMER:** I do not own Supernatural.**

What Lies Beyond...

It matters not how they left this world. You can bet they went out in a blaze of glory, doing what they do best...saving people, hunting things. It was the family business after all. What matters most is that they fought the good fight. They lived long and fought hard and they both went out together. The brothers both knew it would happen eventually, the reaper not getting much fight out of either one of them when the time came.

Despite a little trip to heaven in the past, they really had no idea what to expect. Part of Sam wondered if he'd even get into heaven, given all the bad he's done over the years. It didn't really matter that he'd had good intentions. He wasn't sure if he'd see Dean again. God, the uncertainty of his fate would probably kill him all over again.

Dean remembered dying, remembered following the reaper. He remembered

the end, but when his eyes opened again he was left in confusion. He was at a lake, sitting in the impala. He had a clear view of some ducks splashing around in the water and Sam was nowhere to be seen. _Where am I?_ His surroundings seemed so vivid and real and it reminded him of a lake his father had taken him to when he and Sam were younger. It was one of the few vacations they had actually taken over the years and he had taken them there because it was one of his mother's favorite places. She'd taken John there one weekend and they'd rented a cabin. That was before they'd had kids.

"Hey, are you going to sit in the damn car all day?" A female voice asked, shouting from a distance.

Dean whipped around and spotted a cabin. He'd seen that cabin before. It was the one his parents had stayed at that weekend. While John hadn't rented it when he took the boys there, he'd driven them by the cabin, pointing it out to them. Sam had been the most fascinated with it, only because it was one of his mother's favorite places. He soaked up anything their Dad ever said about their mother, since not having any memories of her.

The woman, standing on the porch of the cabin as it turned out, was a blonde bombshell and it took Dean a quick moment to realize who it was. His breathing hitched and he fought back a few tears. "Mom?" He said to himself. In that moment, he didn't care that Sammy was nowhere to be seen. All he cared about was her, standing there with the sun casting rays over her and giving her an angelic glow. He was out of the car in an instant and practically jogging to his mother. "Is it really you?" He asked, hesitantly.

She smiled and oh god did he miss that smile. He had few memories of it, but they'd begun to fade over the years. "Yes, Dean." She said, holding her arms out.

He leaned into her embrace and let her put her arms around him. His arms wrapped around her and he nuzzled into her neck, taking in her scent as he cried. "I missed you so much, Mom." He replied, not wanting to let her go for fear that she might suddenly disappear.

"Oh, Dean." She spoke softly and pulled him back so she could look him in the eyes. "I missed you too. I'm so happy that we can all be together now."

He looked at her in confusion. "All?" He questioned.

"Mary, I can't get this damn thing to..." John suddenly stepped out onto the porch. "Dean?" He eyed his eldest son.

Mary ended their embrace and moved so the two men could see each other. Dean was surprised to see his father there. He was starting to assume that maybe this was heaven and he was pretty certain his father's soul had gone to hell, per the contract that his father had taken out to save him after that horrible car accident all those years ago. "Dad?"

"Hey, son." John replied with a smile. "It's good to see you."

"Uh, yeah..." His eyes glanced around a bit, looking for Sammy. He was the only person that could make this whole thing better, make his

heaven (if that's what this even was) complete. He'd always hoped that despite what they saw in their heavens all those years ago when the world was on the brink of chaos, he and Sammy would have some kind of shared heaven.

"Look, I'm gonna get the grill started." John said.

"Great idea, I'll get the food ready." Mary replied. She eyed Dean. "Do you still like corn on the cob? You used to love it and it was so cute the way you tried to eat it just like your father even though your hands were barely even big enough to hold it properly."

Dean smiled. "Yeah, I love it." _Soaked in butter, of course. _He'd always loved corn on the cob, but he just couldn't figure out how to eat it without squirting corn juice at Sam. It didn't matter if Sam was next to him or across the table from him, he always managed to get him. The thought made him chuckle.

"What's so funny?" Mary asked.

"I'm just thinking about Sam." He looked around again, wondering where Sam was. Maybe they hadn't gone out together like he originally thought. Maybe he'd imagined Sam following him and the reaper. _God, what if Sammy went to hell? _Dean shook his head. _No, after all he's done for this damn world, he couldn't have possibly gone to hell._

"He'll be here, Dean." Mary placed a reassuring arm around him. "Now, how about you come help me in the kitchen."

"Yeah, ok." He let her lead him to the kitchen where she had an array of food on the counter, along with various dishes and utensils. He helped her get things ready for the grill, all the while thinking about Sam and hoping his mother was right.

Time slowly ticked by as dinner was prepared and some of it placed on the grill...steaks, corn on the cob, potato salad, baked beans, and a cooler full of beer. _Where the hell is Sam? _Dean thought as steaks and corn were being pulled from the grill and taken down to a picnic table by the water.

Mary made her way outside, carrying a bowl of potato salad and a bowl of baked beans. Dean followed her to the table where he noticed several plate settings. "What's with all the plates?" He asked.

"Oh, we might have a few others joining us." She shot back with a smile. "Just relax and try to enjoy yourself."

_Yeah, not gonna happen without Sammy. _Dean wasn't sure who was joining them. He thought about pressing her for more info, maybe get a few names out of her, but someone tapped him on the shoulder. He whipped around, meeting a head of wavy red hair.

"Heya, Bitch." Charlie said.

"Charlie?" Dean was all too surprised. "What are you, how did you..." He was almost speechless.

"Surprised to see me eh?" She shot back, offering a quick hug. "Don't worry, I won't be staying long. I do have my own heaven to get back

to."

"Wow, I wasn't really expecting..." Dean was cut off.

"Dean?" Came another voice.

Dean looked passed Charlie and saw Kevin Tran walking across the beach towards them. "Kevin?"

"Hey." Kevin said. He and Dean did a quick hug.

"Hey yourself." Dean shot back. "I wasn't expecting to see either one of you here and dam..." He was feeling a chick flick moment coming on. "I, I'm so sorry. We should have..."

"Whoa, Dean...you don't have to go there." Kevin replied, stepping back.

"You can't change what happened." Charlie added.

"She's right." Mary said, slowly approaching them after helping John over at the grill.

"We don't blame you or Sam." Kevin knew that Sam hadn't killed him, that Sam could never kill him. He didn't blame the brothers for dragging him into the whole mess of the angels and demons. God had done that by making him a prophet. He wasn't there to listen to Dean place blame on himself. He was there to welcome him to Heaven.

"Hey, Dean..." John shouted from the deck. "There's someone else here to see you."

Dean glanced towards his father. "Bobby?" He saw the familiar old man standing next to his father, wearing that old puffy vest of his over a flannel shirt and his old ball cap. "It's so damn good to see you." He walked towards the man and pulled him in to a hug.

"It's good to see you too, boy." He replied. "Where's that brother of yours?"

"I uh, I'm not sure." Dean answered, pulling back. It was getting dark out now, the sun setting behind the cabin as the moon began to shine over the lake. His father had lit some tiki torches for extra light as it got darker. "I thought he'd be here by now, but maybe...maybe he's not coming." His voice hitched a little as he started to think that Sam had gone else where.

A car door closed in the distance, catching everyone's attention. All eyes turned to the impala as Sam stood tall next to it, looking over the lake for a moment before turning to everyone. He smiled, tears forming in his eyes as he took in each face that stood before him, stopping on his mother's face. "Mom?" He'd recognized hers from pictures.

She stepped forward, tears in her own eyes. "My precious baby." They both walked, meeting halfway. His arms instantly going around her to make sure she was real.

"I can't believe it's really you." He said, pulling back slightly so he could take in every feature on her face. "You're so

beautiful."

"Oh, Sam." She pulled him close again. "You've gotten so tall."

Dean had been too awestruck to say anything when they first saw Sammy, but he couldn't hold back any longer. "It's about time you got here, Sammy. I've been waiting for you."

Sam pulled free from his mother, eying his big brother. "I wasn't sure where I was headed when I followed that reaper." He replied. "But, I uh...I'm finally here, we're both here and I just can't even believe it."

"Well you better believe it, ya idjit." Bobby said. "After all you did, there's no way you were headed for Hell again."

Sam let out a weak smile. "Yeah, I guess."

"Alright, come on now." John bellowed. "Let's sit down and eat."

Sam eyed his father, not sure how he'd made it into heaven. John's eyes locked with Sam's and the older man walked over to him and placed a gentle hand on his shoulder. "I know I didn't say this often enough..." John knew that he'd always favored Dean in a way. Maybe it was due in part to the role Sam had inadvertently played in Mary's death or maybe it was simply because Dean was the better soldier. He wasn't sure exactly why, but he'd regretted it and as he'd watched his son with Mary over the last few years, he'd grown to see what a great hunter he was. He and Dean had been the perfect team and they'd given up so much to help protect the world. "But I'm very proud of you, son."

Sam smiled at his father's words, words he had never heard often while growing up. "Thanks, Dad." He replied.

Everyone gathered around the table and took their seats. Steaks were passed around, as well as corn and the various dishes of food. They all ate as the moon shined overhead, casting a long glow over the water. The sky was clear and the stars sparkled above them as they ate. They all talked and reminisced, sharing stories about their lives. They laughed, they cried, they smiled. The brothers talked about fighting the Angels plans for them, fighting the leviathan and the mother of all, fighting the Darkness...how they'd loved and lost over the years and trained their own children as a new generation of Men of Letters, welcoming a slew of other hunters alongside their families to help fight the evil in the world.

As dinner died down, Bobby pointed down the beach where someone was walking. A white flowing dress blew in the lake breeze, leaves rustling passed the figure in white. A head of blonde curls looked over at the crowd. Sam swallowed hard and stood, eyes focused solely on the beach. "Jess?" The figure stopped, eyes longingly reaching out for Sam amongst the crowd. He felt tears brimming in his eyes as he walked around the table and started down the beach.

Jess smiled, her hand reaching out to touch his cheek softly. "Hey..." Was all she could muster. Sam was instantly flooded with emotion, love and longing wanting to burst out of him. He'd loved again after Jess, left behind a woman and child when he had died, but he'd never loved like he did when he was with Jessica. She'd been the

one for him and she'd been taken too soon by the damn demons that had a part in killing his mother and father.

Sam wrapped his arms around Jess, his lips immediately going for hers. They kissed, long and hard, passion flowing between them like magic. God how he'd missed her...the way her skin felt, the way she smelled like a mixture of wild flowers (all in part to a body wash she used daily that had a mixture of floral scents in it), the way her eyes glistened and looked at him as though he was the only other person in the world, the way she smiled and touched him softly with smooth delicate hands. He pulled free. "I've missed you so much." He finally spoke.

"I've missed you too, Sam." She said, taking a seat on a log that laid on the rocky beach, pulling Sam down with her.

He sat, his arm placed around her. "I wasn't sure if we'd ever meet again." He was looking out over the water.

"I wasn't sure either, but here we are." Jess replied. She eyed Sam curiously. "Why didn't you tell me about you're life before Stanford, about hunting and all that?"

Sam looked back at her, surprised at the question. "I, uh...I guess I was just trying to find normal, trying to fight my destiny and I didn't want to put you in any danger. And, a part of me thought you'd have me committed if I started talking about monsters." He answered.

"Yeah, you might be right about that." She shot back with a little chuckle before getting serious again. "You've saved a lot of people over the years though. What you and your family did, it made a difference in the world, even if most people were oblivious to the monsters out there."

"Yeah, we did what we could." He replied, pulling her closer as the breeze picked up around them. He could feel her shiver, wishing he had a jacket to give her. The dress she was wearing couldn't have been all that warm.

"It's beautiful here." Jess said, gazing up at the night sky above the lake. "I could sit here all night." And they nearly did sit the whole night, wrapped in each others arms as they talked or simply sat and enjoyed the view.

Eventually though, Jess had to get back to her corner of heaven. She couldn't stay forever, but she promised to visit. Sam remembered his and Dean's first trip to heaven and how hard it had been to make their way out of their own little slice of heaven and into someone elses. He'd wondered how she'd done it, how the others at dinner had done it. Did they all have some sort of shared heaven? Maybe that was it. Whatever it was, he sure wasn't complaining. He'd been so happy to see everyone again, to be with his mixed family.

Dean walked over to Sam on the beach just as Jess began to fade into the distance. "Hey, bro..." He handed over a beer. "Thought you might want this."

Sam reached for it and took a swig.

"Bobby, Kevin, and Charlie all had to head back to their heavens. Bobby said that Ellen and Joe maybe over to visit eventually." He informed Sam. "Mom and Dad turned in for the night." He sipped his own beer.

"I still can't believe we made it here." Sam said. He followed Dean to the Impala and watched as his brother settled in on the hood, leaning back and gazing up at the stars.

"I almost couldn't believe it myself, Sammy." Dean patted the spot next to him on the car's hood.

Sam slid up onto the hood and leaned back, sitting next to his brother. "This isn't exactly what I pictured heaven would be like, especially after our last trip, but I'm not sure it gets much better than this." He sipped his beer.

"Oh, I know what would make this better." Dean shot back with a grin. "We need some fireworks."

As if on queue, the sky lit up in vibrant splashes of color. The brothers both eyed each other with big smiles and clinked their beer bottles together as they sat back to enjoy the show. The fire works went off over the lake, illuminating it in brilliant hues of color. Both brothers had lived. They'd fought all their lives and given so much of themselves to the fight. They'd sacrificed nearly everything good in their lives for the fight and then, they'd died. They fought long and hard, but death was always inevitable. Now the fight was over, for them at least, and they'd finally been rewarded. They finally had their little slice of heaven and they were both together.

God, who looked suspiciously like Chuck, watched the brothers from a distance, smiling because all was as it should be. He glowed and faded into the sky, leaving nothing but a star behind as the brothers bonded over their fireworks and beer.

****The End****

****A/N:** This is my own view. I know I'm probably way off on how the show will end some day and I'm sure it differs from many others ideas on how they want to see it end. If this isn't how you want to see them go out, that's fine, but I'd love some honest reviews. Thanks for reading.**

End
file.